

# Martinsburg Gazette.

By Edmund P. Hunter.]

MARTINSBURG, (VA.) THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1835.

[Vol. XXXVI--No. 35.]

Office of the Martinsburg Savings Institution  
June 9, 1834.

BY a resolution of the board of directors of this institution the following rates of interest have been adopted for the government of the Treasurer thereof in receiving money on deposit, viz:

For deposits payable six months after demand, certificates may be issued bearing an interest at the rate of

5 per centum per annum.

For deposits payable four months after demand, certificates may be issued bearing an interest at the rate of

4 per centum per annum.

For deposits payable ninety days after demand, certificates may be issued bearing an interest at the rate of

3 per centum per annum.

By order  
GEORGE DOLL, Treasurer.  
July 10, 1834.—1f

**BEDFORD MILLS.**  
THE subscriber having leased the Bedford Mills, formerly occupied by Mr. B. Darby, respectfully solicits the patronage of his former customers, and the public generally. He will at any time manufacture Wheat into Flour, for customers; and deliver a barrel of superfine flour for every five bushels of merchantable wheat, at the Messrs. Forman's warehouse, free of expense; also, exchange barrels for the oil if desired. Every description of COUNTRY WORK will be done at the above mills.

H. I. SHAVER.  
N. B. Cash will at all times be paid for wheat if delivered at said mills. H. I. S.  
September 17, 1835.—6m

**FARMERS--LOOK AT THIS!**  
THE subscriber has rented Capt. Mattheus Ranson's MILL, and notifies all his old customers, as well as the customers of the mill; that he will at all times pay the highest price in cash for all WHEAT sold at his mill; and any customer wishing to grind, and would prefer having his grain ground separately, shall be accommodated. He will at all times give a barrel of Superfine Flour for every 800 pounds of good clean merchantable wheat. He will also furnish PLASTER to all persons wishing the article, as low as it can be had elsewhere. From the encouragement he has heretofore had, and his strict attention to business, he hopes to receive a reasonable share of the public's patronage.

JACOB SWARTZ.  
July 23, 1835.—3m

**LANDS AND MILL FOR SALE.**

HAVING sold a part of my estate near Martinsburg, Berkeley County, Va. I wish to dispose of the residue, consisting of the Mill tract of about

340 ACRES,

and the Oak Ridge tract of 180 ACRES—lands equal in quality to any in the state. Upon the Mill tract there are upwards of one hundred acres of first rate bottom land, and about the same quantity of cleared upland, the balance in timber.—The Mill house is a substantial stone building, one hundred feet by forty, in which three pairs of Burrs and one of Country Stones are worked by the Tuscarora creek, one of the best and most permanent mill streams in the country.

The dwelling house, also of stone, is a large convenient well finished building, divided into fourteen rooms, besides a passage of 13 feet width through its centre. There are barns, stables and other out houses in abundance, all good and convenient.

The Oak Ridge tract is 2½ miles distant from the Mill tract, about one half of it covered with timber, of the finest quality, the balance cleared, well fenced, and in a high state of cultivation. The improvements on it are indifferent. I will sell those farms on accommodating terms, either entire, or divided, to suit purchasers.

MATTHEW RANSON.  
March 5, 1835.—1f

**NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS.**

**Hamme & Stephens,**

ARE just receiving and opening a very extensive and handsome assortment of Goods, suitable for the present and approaching season, to which they would respectfully invite their friends and customers, and all those who are in search of good bargains, to call and examine, for they do think none will go away disappointed. Their stock consists in part of Cloths of almost every color & quality. Cassimeres and cassinets, London buck skins, Super thibet flannels, Camblets. They would respectfully invite the Ladies to call and examine their handsome assortment of

French and English Merinos, Black and colored, plain and figured Silks, French and English Calicoes, Morino, Thibet and Cashmere shawls and handkerchiefs, Bonnet and belt ribbons, Hosiery, gloves, &c.

Together with a general assortment of Hard, Queens, glass and stone ware.

Sept 24, 1835

**PAINTS, OIL, &c.**

NO. 1. pure white lead in Oil, Dry white and red lead, Chrome yellow, &c. Flaxseed oil and turpentine. A superior article of Winter Sperm Oil, Whale Oil &c.

For sale Low by

HAMME & STEPHENS.  
Sept. 24

## MISCELLANY.

From the Delaware Journal.

### ADVENTURES OF A 32 POUND SHOT.

The affair which occurred in the harbor of Toulon, in the spring of 1834, when in firing a salute in honor of the French King's birthday, some shot struck the French Admiral's ship, and killed one or two men, made some noise at the time, but is now scarcely remembered, except as some of those accidents which often occur in naval experience, and which the strictest discipline and most cautious vigilance may not easily prevent. The first lieutenant is considered responsible for the discipline of the ship; but much of that responsibility must be, if we may so express it, merely technical. There are many minute details in reference to which the most vigilant and competent officers must rely upon subordinates, who may not be entirely trustworthy; and a slight neglect in these details may derange for the moment, the best conceived plan, and produce events as serious as that which occurred at Toulon.—It was the loss of life, and not the infrequency of the accident at Toulon, that gave it an air of national importance; for such things have occurred more than once before, as well in our service as the naval service of other countries. These remarks lead me to relate an anecdote communicated by a naval officer, and which might have had as tragical a termination as that of Toulon, but, terminated differently, may serve to excite a smile or amuse a passing hour.

The scene is laid in the harbor of Smyrna. The United States sloop of war Ontario, returning from a cruise in the Archipelago, put into Smyrna in the month of February, 1831, on the eve of Washington's birthday day. The Ontario dropped anchor in the spacious harbor, outside of the immense fleet of shipping, which is always to be found in that great eastern mart. In the distance was to be seen the city, its port enlivened by merchant's vessels of almost every nation, and between them and the Ontario, a number of English, French and Dutch ships of war.

On the morning of the 22nd, the gallant sloop was dressed out with flags flying from every mast head, in honor of the Father of his Country; and Captain S. went ashore to transact business with the American Consul, leaving orders for the customary observance of the day. The first lieutenant accordingly directed that preparations should be made for the birthday salute, by drawing the shot from the guns. In executing this service, the routine is to draw the shot and lay it alongside of the gun; so that the officer, in passing along to see that the duty has been performed, observing the shot, is satisfied of the fact. On this occasion it happened that the cabin guns were first drawn; to avoid lumbering the cabin the shot were directed to be carried away. One of these shot, it seems, from carelessness or hurry, was laid alongside of one of the guns in the waist before that gun had been drawn, and to this slight circumstance was owing all the mischances of the day.

While the salute was firing, the attention of the first lieutenant was attracted by the report of one of the guns, and he immediately called out:

'Gunner, that gun had a shot in it!'

'No, sir,' the gunner replied, 'the shot is alongside of the gun.'

'No matter for that,' said the lieutenant 'I am satisfied from the sound that the gun was shot.'

'I do not think so, sir,' rejoined the gunner, 'but at any rate the guns are so depressed that the shot could do no harm.'

The guns had been depressed to prevent damage to the neighboring shipping from the wadding.

The salute was fired and the first lieutenant had gone below, leaving the second lieutenant in charge of the deck. While this officer was pacing the deck, unconscious of impending evil, he observed a boat putting off from a Dutch gun brig, their nearest neighbor, and steering for the Ontario. She was soon alongside, and a Dutch lieutenant stepped upon the deck, with strong symptoms of consternation in his demeanor.

'Men Get, sir,' was his first salutation, 'you fired a shot into us just now, which carried away our main beam, and almost killed a man.'

The American officer expressed his deep regret at the accident, and requested the Dutch officer to be seated while he communicated the intelligence to the first lieutenant. Stepping to the companion, he called down, in an under tone to the first lieutenant:

'H., do you know that we've shot a Dutchman, this morning?'

'Shot a Dutchman!—impossible!' cried the lieutenant.

'It's a fact: Here's an officer from the Dutch gun brig on board of us, and he tells me that we have carried away some of his tackle, and almost killed a man.'

'Then, for God's sake, my dear fellow, get a boat, go on board and explain the accident, and make every proper apology. Ascertain what damage has been done and offer suitable reparations.'

The officer went on board the Dutch brig and explained the accident to the captain, whom he found to be a very reasonable man, and satisfied with the explanation he gave him.

The shot, it seems, had ricocheted—struck the surface of the water and glanced off—passed over the Dutchman's poop and struck his main beam, or 'peam,' as the Dutch called it. The lieutenant inquired for the man who was 'almost killed,' and was gratified to learn that the shot had passed pretty near a young Midy who was walking on the poop at the time, but had neither hurt nor hit him. The Dutch captain politely declined an offer to repair the broken beam, and the American lieutenant returned to his ship. He had scarcely

finished his report to the first lieutenant when a boat came alongside with an officer from a French corvette, which was lying beyond the Dutch brig. We may observe, by the way, that at the time we are speaking of, there was much coolness subsisting between the French and American sailors in the Mediterranean, growing out of the unfortunate fracas which had occurred a short time before at Mahon, between some American and French sailors, in which a French officer and an American sailor were killed. The French officer came upon deck, and with a demeanor that was anything but conciliatory, stated that a shot from the Ontario had passed over the French King's corvette—carried away some of the rigging, and a quantity of seamen's clothing which had been hung out to dry.

The officer stepping to the companion, communicated this additional misfortune to the first lieutenant.

'H., we've shot a Frenchman.'

'Shot a Frenchman!' exclaimed H.—'is it possible? When shall I hear the last of that infernal shot! Go on board, my dear —, without delay, and satisfy Monsieur that it was an accident.'

The lieutenant accordingly went on board the French corvette, and explained to the captain the circumstance, expressing his deep regret at the accident, and offering to send the proper persons from the Ontario to repair all damages. Monsieur, however, was not in as placable a mood as Myneer, he declined the offer to repair the damages, but talked of informing his government, and maintained a reserved and offended manner, until the American officer's patience began to wear out. Assuming as stately a demeanor as the Frenchman, he gravely observed:

'Sir, I have informed you of the circumstance of this accident, and made every apology, which, in my opinion, the nature of the case requires. Will you be pleased to inform me whether you are satisfied?'

'The French captain immediately relaxed assent, c'est assés.' The American officer thereupon made his bow and departed for the Ontario.

The officers now indulged the hope that this unlucky shot had terminated its adventures without further mischief; but the circumstances being such as the first lieutenant thought should be immediately communicated to the captain, they remained on deck until his return. Capt. S., came on board about 9 o'clock, and after a few observations took the first lieutenant aside:

'H., said he, 'do you know that you fired a shot to-day?'

'Yes, sir,' said H., 'I am perfectly aware of that fact; but how did you learn it captain?'

'Why, the shot struck an Austrian.'

'Struck an Austrian?' echoed H.

'Aye, struck an Austrian brig,' replied the captain. 'The Austrian captain bro't the shot to Mr. Olley's while we were dining.'

'Did you actually see the shot, captain S.?' said H.

'I actually saw the shot. It was bro't as I told you, by the Austrian captain, to the Consul's while we were at dinner, and laid upon the table.'

'Where is it now, sir?'

'At Mr. Olley's.'

'Was any one hurt on board the Austrian ship?' inquired H.

'No, but some damage is done to the vessel.'

'Thank God, then,' cried H., 'that I've heard the last of that shot! Never gun fired such a shot before—first cut away a Dutchman's sparker, next a Frenchman's rigging, and now it's hulling an Austrian! But you are sure Captain S., that you saw the shot at Mr. Olley's?'

A boat was sent on board the Austrian vessel early the next morning. She proved to be a large, new, strong built brig of about 350 tons—a Black Sea trader.—The ball, which, after it glanced from the water had passed over the Dutch and French vessels, in an ascending course, & began to descend before it struck the Austrian; and such was its impetus, that it drove through the thick, strong side of the vessel, carried away a heavy stanchion and finally brought up on the opposite side of the brig's hold, among a number of men who were at work, without hurting a man. The carpenter of the Ontario soon put all its rights on board of the Austrian, and thus ended 'The adventures of a 32 pound shot.'

**Anecdote of Dwight and Dennie.**—Some few years since, as Dr. Dwight was traveling through New Jersey, he chanced to stop at a stage hotel, in one of its popular towns, for the night. At a late hour of the same night, arrived also at the inn, Mr. Dennie, who had the misfortune to learn from the landlord that his beds were all paired with lodgers, except one occupied by the celebrated Dr. Dwight. Show me to his apartment, exclaimed Dennie; altho' I am a stranger to the Rev. Dr., perhaps I may bargain with him for my lodgings. The Landlord accordingly waited on Mr. Dennie to the Doctor's room, and there left him to introduce himself.

The Doctor, although in his night gown cap, and slippers, and just ready to resign himself to the arms of Somnus, politely requested the strange intruder to be seated. Struck with the physiognomy of his companion, he then unbent his austere brow, and commenced a literary conversation. The names of Washington, Franklin, Litchouse, and a host of distinguished literary characters, for some time gave a zest and an interest to the conversation, until Dr. Dwight chanced to mention Dennie.

'Dennie the editor of the Port Folio,' said the Doctor in a rhapsody, 'is the Addison of the United States—the father of American belles lettres.' 'But sir,' continued he 'it is not astonishing, that a man of such

genius, fancy and feeling, should abandon himself to the intoxicating bowl?'

'Sir,' said Dennie, 'you are mistaken; I have been intimately acquainted with Dennie for several years; and I never knew or saw him intoxicated.' 'Sir,' said the Doctor, 'you err. I have the information from a particular friend; I am confident that I am right and you are wrong.' Dennie now ingeniously changed the conversation to the clergy, remarking that Abercrombie and Mason were among the most distinguished divines, nevertheless he considered Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College, the most learned theologian, and the greatest poet America has produced. 'But sir,' continued Dennie, 'there are traits in his character underscoring so wise and great a man, of the most detestable description; he is the greatest bigot and dogmatist of the age!'

'Sir,' says the doctor; 'you are grossly mistaken; I am intimately acquainted with Dr. Dwight, and I know to the contrary.' 'Sir,' said Dennie, 'you are mistaken; I have it from an intimate friend of his, whom I am confident would not tell me an untruth.' 'No more slander,' says the doctor, 'I am Dr. Dwight of whom you speak.' 'And I too,' exclaimed Dennie, 'am Mr. Dennie of whom you spoke.'

The astonishment of Mr. Dwight may be better conceived than told. Suffice it to say, they mutually shook hands, and were happy in each other's acquaintance.

**An honorable pledge.**—During the consular way of Napoleon in France, and when then the conscriptions were in full force, there lived in one of the provinces of the south a very aged man, who exercised the profession of a tailor, and had 12 sons, all of whom served in the armies of Napoleon. They having one day obtained leave of absence from their regiments, made use of the opportunity to go and visit their aged parent; but on their arrival were shocked to find that he was so reduced in circumstances as to be in want of bread. 'No bread!' cried one of them—'the man who has given twelve conscripts to his country! We must procure him sustenance—yet how? We are ourselves destitute.'—'Is there no pawn broker in the neighborhood?' exclaimed the youngest, who placed great confidence in the compassion of human beings, as well as a reliance on his Creator. 'A pawnbroker, What good would that do? we have indeed nothing to pledge!'

'You shall see brother. Our father is known to be an honest citizen, who has exercised his trade long enough, and being destitute of bread, is a sufficient proof of his integrity. We also have served during several years, and no one can cast the slightest imputation on our honor. Let us pawn this honor—certainly there will be some who will willingly lend us fifty louis on such a pledge!'

This idea was immediately approved of, and the twelve brothers wrote out and signed on the spot the following billet: Twelve Frenchmen (sons of a tailor, who at the age of 90 years, is fallen into the deepest poverty), all zealous in the service of their country, request of the pawnbroking establishment the loan of fifty louis d'ors to assist an unfortunate father. As a security we pledge our honor and promise to repay the said sum within the space of one year. The billet was brought to the money office, where the benevolent directors immediately counted out the fifty louis asked for, and tore the obligations in pieces, pledging themselves at the same time, to provide for the old man as long as he lived.

**Quakers.**—Among the very numerous testimonials in favor of the exemplary class of professing Christians whose usual designation stands at the head of this article, there are none more to the purpose than that given by the honorable Prentiss Mellen, who states that during his connection with the courts of his country, for a term of forty years he has never known but one instance of a Quaker's being arraigned for a criminal action. Supposing that some may have the curiosity to know what that case was, I relate the following anecdote which was recently related to the writer on a visit to Portland, it probably being the case alluded to by the honorable judge. There is a worthy wealthy merchant at Portland whom I called friend W., a powerful athletic man, with rather quick and passionate though tolerably well tempered by a good degree of Quaker moderation. It so happened one day that he felt himself very much insulted in his own store by an overbearing intruding and much less worthy neighbor. Says friend W., 'Friend James, as thee appears to have done thy business, perhaps thee had better leave my store, lest some tools fall upon thy head.' (It being a hardware store.) Friend James not being disposed to leave, but continuing his abuse, friend W. took him by the collar and pantaloons, and in an instant landed him in the middle of the street. Friend W. was accordingly arrested for the breach of the peace and on being placed at the bar of the court, he was asked whether he was guilty. 'Yea,' was the reply, 'I gave him a little friendly push out of my store.' Friend W. was accordingly fined sixteen shillings. 'Cheap enough,' said he, 'it is only about one shilling per foot for the distance I sent him.'—*Portsmouth Journal.*

**Education in the United States.**—The Rev. Andrew Reed of London, in his late work on America, closes his remarks on the subject of education as follows: 'I think you cannot fail, my dear friend to survey this brief report on the subject of education, whether collegiate or common, with wonder and admiration. And yet we have been told, in the face of all this evidence, with petulance and pride, that the Americans have no literature, and are not a literary people. Not literary! and yet they have done more for letters than any other people ever did in similar circumstances. Not literary! and yet

they have made more extensive grants in favor of universal education than any other country. Not literary! and yet not only the common school, but the academy & college, are travelling over the breadth of the land; and are sometimes found located in the desert, in anticipation of a race that shall be born. Not literary! and yet, in the more settled States, a fourth part of the people are at school; and in the state of New York alone, apart from all private seminaries, there are 9,600 schools, sustained at a yearly expense of \$1,126,482. Not literary! and yet there are in this new country fifteen universities, forty six colleges, twenty-one medical schools and twenty one theological. Not literary! and yet they circulate seven hundred and fifty millions of newspapers in a year—this is twenty five to our one; and all our best books commonly run through more and larger editions there than they do at home.

'They have no literature, indeed! The fact is they have all the literature that is possible to their age and circumstances; and as these advance, they will assuredly advance, in the more abstruse & abstract sciences, till it shall be a bold thing for any to call themselves their peers. Their fidelity for the past is their security for the future. Meantime, are not Newton and Locke, Bacon and Shakespeare as much theirs as they are ours? Would it be wisdom on their part to repudiate them, even if they had not an equal claim to them? Would it be wisdom in us to reproach them with tastes which do them honor, & to endeavor to separate them from community in our common republic of letters, which more than any thing may make two great nations, that are one in affinity, one in fact? For my own part, I know nothing more truly sublime than to see this people in the very infancy of their national existence, put forth such Herculean energy for the diffusion of universal knowledge and universal virtue. But prejudice has neither eyes nor ears.'

**From the Fredericksburg Arena.**

**CHEESAPEAKE AND OHIO CANAL.**

We have recently had an opportunity of inspecting the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, from Georgetown to Harper's Ferry, and take the earliest opportunity of expressing the admiration which a sight of that magnificent improvement necessarily inspires. It is unique. There is no canal in this country—nor, we believe, in Europe, of any thing like the length, which approaches it in dimensions. In comparison, the Hudson and Erie Canal is a Mill race. Nor is admiration confined to its vast dimensions; the difficulties surmounted; the rugged country through which it passes; the solid and beautiful masonry of the locks and aqueducts; all conspire to impress upon the traveller a high sense of the skill of the engineers, and of the enterprise of the company, which has persevered in the work under so many appalling difficulties.

We left Georgetown about half past 6 o'clock, A. M. in a tri weekly packet Boat, drawn by two, and sometimes three, horses. The boat was built by the Canal Company, and only temporarily used by the Packet Company, and was far too large for the business. We were carried along, nevertheless, at the rate of 6 miles per hour—a rate which was reduced, however, on the average, by the stoppages occasioned by two and thirty locks in 62 miles. The Packet Company has, by this time, two smaller and better constructed boats afloat, by which a daily line will be kept up. We have alluded to the locks and aqueducts. We cannot specify as to the former—for all seemed equally neat and substantial; and built—as is, indeed, the whole work—for posterity. The aqueducts over Seneca and Monocacy creeks, are perhaps not exceeded by any thing in this country, for beauty and lightness of design and solidity of construction. The wilderness of the scenery around, set off to a great advantage, these triumphs of art over nature.

It is, however, from the Point of Rocks to Harper's Ferry—twelve miles—that the greatest difficulties have been encountered. For this distance, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad runs parallel to, and in contact with, the Canal—the bank of the latter forming the bed of the former. Both works are carried, for miles, under precipitous crags, impending many hundred feet above you, and whose very foundations have been cut away to form a shelf for the Road, while the Canal is made to encroach on the bed of the river. The scenery itself is grand and imposing, and when viewed in connection with the monuments of human genius and perseverance which are seen at the base of the cliffs, it assumes the character of sublimity. He must indeed have a dull spirit, who carried along by a Boat or Car, can view it unmoved. We have rarely experienced feelings akin to those, which we felt, on a fine morning, seated on the top of the Car and whirled along at the rate of 10 miles per hour, alongside, and under these tremendous precipices. We could, for miles, have touched with the hand the wall of everlasting granite, and not seldom was the perpendicular view of the sky actually obscured by the jutting out of the crag. This is the part of the Railroad on which the use of steam is prohibited by stipulation with the Canal Company.

The canal is finished as high up as Williamsport, about 104 miles from Georgetown, and is now under contract from the former point to Cumberland. In a year and a half the coal of Allegheny will find a market in the eastern cities.

The Railroad—that is the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad—terminates at the Ferry. On the other side commences the Potomac and Winchester Road, now nearly finished. The two works are to be united by a Viaduct, built at the expense of the former company. Baltimore will thus have, in a few weeks, a direct communication with one of the most populous, fertile and wealthy sections of our state.

From the New York Times  
AN IGNOBLE TERMINATION OF A NOBLE SPREE.

The public were some weeks since advised, through the press, of the arrival of a splendid yacht belonging to the Marquis of Waterford, in which its noble owner and others of the British nobility were passengers. The arrival of those distinguished visitors in this city, was also duly announced, and the hospitalities of our citizens were not slow in being tendered them. Yesterday the Marquis of Waterford, Hon. John Beresford, Lord Roselyn and Colonel Dundas, dined with one of our most estimable citizens, and bore evidence on leaving, we are informed, of his usual unbounded cheer.

The exhilaration of spirit imbued by the guests incited in them predilections for a 'spree,' and sundry unfortunate wayfarers who haplessly came in the way of their midnight migration homeward, received probably for the first time in their lives, striking testimonials of a nobleman's passion. Passing down Washington street, near Morris, they attacked, unmercifully beat, and nearly denuded, an inoffensive passer by. Two street lamps that had the presumption to stand by order of the Mayor and Corporation, were next assailed and demolished, as was also a neighboring window which, lacking a shutter, exposed its nakedness to their heroic canes, stones, and other missiles. About this time a plain republican watchman, named William Carter, found himself suddenly in contact with these noble revellers, and undertook to arrest the progress of their demolitions, and the chivalrous enactors.

The plebian interference did not appear to sit well on the noble stomachs of the gentlemen, and they gave token of their dissatisfaction by a copious discharge of hard names angry oaths and peltings with their fists—at the same time putting the offending Charley in the knowledge of who he was interfering with. The unsophisticated watchman, however, had never received any instruction to spare Lords or Marquises who he found trespassing, and giving an alarm rap two others of the same school came to his assistance; but not before he had not only suffered much in body, but also in mind, by reason of the comparative nakedness to which the affray had reduced him. When his comrades came, they made a simultaneous charge on the Marquis, the Lord and the Colonel and the Honorable, and compelled them to fly. The latter sprang into the boat, converted the oars into bludgeons, and renewed the contest; but the watchmen proved too many for them, and they were conducted, prisoners of war fairly captured, to the watch house.

When the Police Office opened this morning, four silly looking young fellows, somewhat the worse for the night's debauch and encounter, were placed before the bar, and the Marquis of Waterford, Lord John Beresford, Lord Roselyn, and Colonel Dundas of the Royal Guards answered for their names. The magistrate, Justice Hopson, straightway informed them of the offences of which they stood charged, which they in no very mild terms denied, and made some high toned remarks, which served to put the magistrate upon his 'reserved rights.' He soon made out a commitment for them, and they were escorted to Bridewell by some fifteen or twenty watchmen. Here their ill brooked degradation led them into a squabble with the keeper, in which the noble Marquis was flogged as was also one of his companions. Here they remained several hours; but were finally liberated through the interference of his Honor the Mayor and British Consul, after paying Carter, the watchman \$20 for injuries received, and listening to a most cutting rebuke from the magistrate.

From the Western Christian Advocate.

**Natural Curiosity.**—There is a spring in the bounds of Kentucky mission, in Harlan County, Ky., twelve miles north of Manchester, on the waters of Kentucky river. It is called the boiling spring. Though in the mountains, this spring rises in a level continually rolling and boiling as though the water was boiling in a kettle over the fire. There is no branch running to nor from the spring; it never swells above its common stage, nor decreases, only when a lighted torch is applied, when it immediately takes fire, and continues to burn until the water is dried up by the heat of the fire, which takes some time. The blaze rises three and four feet high, at times in irregular flashes.

The spring is two feet deep, as well as I could tell by feeling with my staff, its bottom is of craggy rocks. It is about 3 feet over and quite round; the water somewhat muddy—its taste not very unpleasant, resembling that of stone coal, its smell similar to that of the American oil, its medicinal qualities, are said to be good for rheumatism, ulcers, &c.

NAPOLEON B. LEWIS.

**MULES.**—Some time last year we recorded the remarkable fact of a female mule belonging to John T. Kilby Esq. of Suffolk, having brought forth a real colt, which was doubted by many, as it was deemed a point settled that mules were incapable of propagating their species, or even producing a cross breed.—in short, that they were obstinate anti amalgamationists by nature. The fact, however, was true as David Crockett's side, and has lately been placed beyond dispute by a repetition of the phenomenon by the same agents. Mr. Kilby informs us, that the same mule bore a colt on the 13th of last month, by the same horse, and that it is now by the side of its dam in the pasture where it may be seen by every body. It is well formed and partakes more of the horse than the mule, of course. We should like to hear the opinion of the learned in such matters on this extraordinary and probably unique case. The mule is 11 or 12 years old.—*Norfolk Herald.*